envelopes.

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I showed the manager Mack's dosette. His team had just dropped it off. It didn't look right to me. It didn't even feel right. The manager just glanced at it. She said it was fine. She was busy. She was counting the cigarette money at the little round table.

If I'd bothered to think about it I'd have noticed that Mack's team had forgotten his clozapine. I was busy too. I was making dinner. It wasn't for me to question the manager. It was just our bad luck that Adam was away that week. Otherwise I'm sure he'd have noticed.

Mack got no clozapine till his team returned the next week. The front door-bell rang. I ran up the coffee-stained stairs from the kitchen. Ellie was already at the door, answering like a porter. Oh here's staff, she said. He'll help you. The team member just glared at Ellie, handed me Mack's new dosette, and was gone.

A lot of team members disliked mentally ill people. Once a team leader (no less) phoned me because she didn't want team members to enter the House if anyone was delusional. She was concerned for their safety. Maybe they could phone ahead, and we could notify them if anyone was delusional. I